

HALFWAY TREE

LYRICS

VERSE

Its like keeping a stage show
And want the place fi done
Wha you do
Call my management
That walk wid 50 gun
Wha mi do
Nah goin go pon stage
Until me get me funds
Wha mi sing
One Jr.Gong
What a hefty sum
Youngest veteran
Intercept di run
Artist a carry feelings
And tears a run
Say you know say a just true
Him a BOB MARLEY son
How him get a Swizz Beats
And you nuh get me none
Wha mi sing
Strickly ex amount
Of high grade sess mi bun
Wha mi sing
Strickly only high grade
Princess mi bun
Politician well love push up
Dem chest mi bun
Certain loud rowdy talking
Interest mi gun
Now mi come fi bun down
All material object
Wid a raas claat gold chain
Round me neck
Me bun a fire pon di man
Weh love bitch and fret
And want every little detail intricate

Well dem just can't believe
Or dem won't accept
Jr.Gong and Swizz beat
Fassy don't forget
Well is it just me
Or is it hot to death
It's the "Halfway Tree"
C.D. and cassette
D.J. race a run
On your mark get set
And watch everybody run
To the record outlet
Tell me who C.D.
Do you think they get
The one closest
To the BOB MARLEY box set

And BOOM
And anyhow you nuh feel me yet
Well chances are
You might soon go def
Me have a clip fully loaded
And one select
Fi any bwoy weh nuh want show
The Gong respect
All me shirt and shoes
And pants me bet
Say a nuff D.J. haffi go starve to death
While dem girl read about me
On the internet
But its not their fault
Don't get upset
Because
Dem can't touch me intellect
And BOOM
Dem can't even bounce a check
Well you better rest your drinks
Pon a serviette
And gwon bounce around
Untill you bust a sweat

BRIDGE

Bounce
Bounce, Bounce, Bounce
Bounce
Just Bounce, Bounce, Bounce

VERSE

So return to di venues
You used to fill
And return to the ends
Where you used to chill
I know putting some punks on over kill
Wid some everyday tune
I refuse to build
Now
You've been waiting patiently until
BOOM
A me name Jr.Gong and still
BOOM
Ridim a bounce
And you can't stand still
BOOM
See it deh now
Your drinks a spill
You have some D.J.
Think dem shoot to kill
Cause dem spar wid
A couple thug youths weh will
Wait till dem lickle chumpas
dem have draw nil
Ah di same thug
Ah climb thru dem windowsill
And, anyhow you no pay di bill
Well, dem could a find you a sligoville
You better mind how you use your talent and skill
Till you hear man a bruk down your burglar grill
Well its from baby pram
On to Stroller dem
We rock mics anywhere
We get a hold a dem
Wid di Muffin looking over
We shoulder dem
Better read out all mi portfolio dem
Well its roots and branches
Sticks and stems
A di "Halfway Tree"
And it a murder dem
Ghetto Youths, One Fam
You never heard a dem
Dangerous nightlife observer dem
So just bounce bounce
Bounce wit me
Big man big woman and pickney
Feel no pain when di music hit me
Find all a gyal weh fit me

VERSE (repeat vs. #1)

WRITTEN BY DAMIAN MARLEY